

A

# REVIEW

OF THE

# STATE

OF THE

# BRITISH NATION.

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Thursday, September 30. 1708.

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*Mad Man.* I Want to speak with you,  
*Mr. Review.*  
*Rev.* What is your Business, Sir?

*M.* I have a Message to you, and desire a Conference on the Subject-Matter of the last Conference.

*Rev.* What is it? Pray, let's know the worst of it.

*M.* Why, 'tis an humble Petition from the Hawkers and News-sellers, that you will turn your Tale a little to something diverting and pleasant, and not be always canting and talking religiously; they say, they wish you would set up your *Scandal Club* again, then the People would buy the Paper; but while you are upon these serious Subjects, it's like an old Ballad, no

Body cares for it, and when they offer it to Sale to People, they huff them intolerably. — A P—x of this Preaching says one, let him come and talk, *as he should do*, again, and I'll take it, but I hate this Canting; Well says an Orthodox Impliment, what says the *Review*, and then looks on it—*Phoo*, he's all upon Prayer and Fasting, we'll hear him another time on that Subject, *Asbens for that*; a Learned Dealer in great Letters and crooked Lines he looks on it—The *Review*! Ha, ha, ha, no I'll have none of him, till he has done with his doleful Ditty; he's all for Prayers and Humiliation, the Dog's too religious for me—When will he make us laugh again?— And thus in short, if you will not alter your Tone, you may write; but you'll break all your Printers, and

and Publishers, and no Body will sell your Paper—And thus having try'd all the other Reasons I could with you, I think, I have brought you a most substantial one now, your own Gain and Interest will not lie—

Rev. And now supposing this Reason to be literally true, and perhaps the Subject of general Humiliation be an unsuitable, ungrateful Subject to this Age; unsuitable to the Temper of the Times, and ungrateful to most Sort of People; supposing again I am no Gainer by the Paper, which is true enough; nay, tho' I should be a Loser by the Paper, yet I cannot but think my self oblig'd to pursue my Design— And as I think my last Paper carry'd its Reasons with it, sufficient to move People that had any Principles in them, so I'll appeal to all the World for the Cogency of this.

I have been lately in *Scotland*, and if I am not come away, I am there still; that is to say, Friends, it is no Matter to you where I have been, where I am, or am to be. But I have been in *Scotland*, where, whatever you may think here, they have generally once a Year Corn grows as we have, and when 'tis ripe they cut it down *as we do*, and carry it home *as we do*, and the Time they are doing this in, they call Harvest *just as we do*; then they thresh it out, carry it to Market, and sell it to make Bread and Drink of, *all as we do*, and when they have done that, they eat it and drink it, and live on it *just as we do*: I hint this by the by, only for the Admonition of those People, who think *Scotland* a Desert, a vast howling Wilderness, a Place of wild Folks that live in Mountains; live they know not how, and feed upon they know not what, and not at all like other Parts of the World.—But be it known to you, that in *Scotland* they want nothing that you enjoy, except it be what, for ought I know, you had better be without, I mean, your Overplus, your Excess, your Luxury and abused Plenty: But again, they have a great Deal you want; as they feed soberly, they live soberly, they eat less and drink less, and thank GOD more than you do in *England*—The Countrymen are worse Husbandmen and better Christians than ours, and they

have both more Knowledge and more Practice of Religion among the Poor than we have.

There you shall ride thro' whole Towns and Cities, and hear no Swearing in the Streets, while here your Children have the first Knowledge of the GOD that made them, taught them from the horrid Practice of Swearing by his Name. Let your Country Clergy tell me, how full of Ignorance are the dark Villages in our Land of Light, and how many thousand Parishes are there in *England*, where a third Part of the People can neither write nor read? In *Scotland* every Lord of the Mannor or Heretor, who receives the Tythe or Tiths, as he is oblig'd to maintain a Minister in the Church, so he is bound to erect a School, and maintain a School-master in every Parish, by which means the poorest People have their Children taught and instructed, and I have been an Eye-Witness to an Auditory of 700 People, I say 7000, where I could hardly see one Body, tho' with Diligence I look'd for it, without a Bible, except two or three that were blind; and I am sure I have been at several Assemblies in *England*, where not one in twenty had a Bible with them. But of these Things I shall be more particular hereafter.

I am now indeed upon a Subject differing—And shall I try your Charity in *England*? Can you weep with them that weep, and mourn with them that mourn? If not, be it known to you, the Case reaches you home, and your Neighbours of *Scotland* are not afflicted alone.

The Month of *August* was in *Scotland* a warm, pleasant Season, the Weather clear and calm, and the Corn, which this Year was backwarder, than in other Times is usual, recover'd, throve, and began to ripen a pace, and there was all the Appearance of a very plentiful Harvest, that could be desir'd. On the 26th of *August*, the Winds came *Easterly*, and blew hard, with Abundance of Rain for three or four Days—However, a Day or two of fair Weather following, the People in some Parts began their Harvest, and some Parts of *Scotland* a great Deal of Corn was cut down.



As soon as *September* began, the Weather chang'd again, just with, or but a Day before the Change of the Moon; this Paper was wrote on the 18th. and in that Time it had held up but two Days; with furious Winds, and such prodigious Quantity of Rain, that several People and Cattle have been driven away, and drowned in the Floods, and Abundance of Corn, that being on low Grounds was standing in the Shock, has been lost——This put the Country into a sad Disorder, and the People began to apprehend a general Loss of their Harvest, and consequently a Dearth. For the greatest Part of the Subsistence of the Poor, being the Corn with which they make their ordinary Food, besides Bread; they cannot so well bear the Loss of a Years Corn as we can, the old Stock being very rarely able to supply them for two Year.

About the 13th. the Rains ceased for two Days, and it was hop'd a good Part of the Corn might be sav'd; but on the 15th. at Night, came on a most terrible, heavy, settled Rain, which for near 30 Hours rain'd with an unusual Violence, and it is to be doubted, has finish'd the Ruin of the Country——It has been a lamentable Sight to see a great and plentiful Crop of Corn lying perishing on the Ground.

1. Part of the Corn green and unripe, and this wet Season happening when the Year is so far declin'd, no Probability that it can ripen at all.
2. The standing ripe Corn shaken with the Wind, and beaten down with the Weight of the Water, lies rotting on the Ground, and is likely to serve only for Dung to the Land in many Places.
3. The Corn that being cut down is standing in the Shock, by the continued Wet growing in the Ears, and there having not been fair Weather enough in the Intervals to dry it and carry it home.

Upon this Occasion, all the sober, considering Part of the People of *Scotland*

looking up to that Hand, from whence both good or bad Things receive their immediate Commission, are really applying themselves to this trifling, canting, ridiculous, much banter'd, but at last acknowledg'd Method of Prayers and Humiliations——And why am I so mad to tell you in *England*, that you should do the like? I know, you will ridicule the Motion; I know, the Spirit of Ingratitude flows so naturally in your Blood, that you cannot bear to acknowledge, no not to your great Providore General, your Creator——But shall I tell you withal, the *Norib* of *England* is in the same Case, or worse, the Judgment is at your own Doors, the Corn is lost, green and unripe, drowned, and rotten, spoiled, and lost by the Rains——And you may look in vain to your Neighbours for Supply.

Now, if these Things are not Threatnings from on High, and if these Things will not force you to own and acknowledge your Maker, and pray to him—Go to the *Ant* thou *Sluggard*; Go to the *Papists*, go to the *French*, YOU PROTESTANTS; Learn there to appoint publick Prayers without Intermission; learn there, that the Churches are so full there is no getting into them; learn of the *French*, that publick Humiliations are not such Jestis as they are made of in this Country.

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#### ADVERTISEMENT S.

Lately Publish'd,  
A New Description of the World, delineating *Europe, Asia, Africa, and America*; with a Map and Tables of the Empires, Kingdoms, Provinces, and Cities therein, together with a Chronological and Historical Account of the Emperors, Kings, Princes, Governments, Religion, Languages, Customs, Commodities, Revolutions, and Rareties thereof. By *H. Curson, Gent.* Sold by *John Morphew*, near *Stationers-Hall*. (Price 2 s.)

*These*

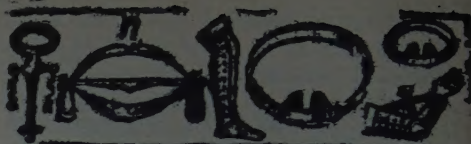
*These words give Notice,*  
**THAT** **MARY KIRLEUS**, the Widow  
 of **JOHN KIRLEUS**, Son of Dr.  
**THO. KIRLEUS**, a Sworn-Physician, in Or-  
 dinary to King Charles II. Sett's (rightly  
 prepar'd) his Famous Drink and Pills; ex-  
 perient'd above 50 Years (by an uncon-  
 mon Method) to cure all Ulcers, ores,  
 Scabs, Itch, Scurf, Scurvies, Leprosie,  
 Running of the Reins, and the most invete-  
 rate **VENEREAL** Disease, with all its  
 attending Symptoms, without Fluxing,  
 Confinement, or destructive Mercurial Pre-  
 parations: These incomparable Medicines  
 need no Words to express their Virtues;  
 the many miserable Ones that have been  
 happily cured, after given over by others,  
 sufficiently recommend them as the most  
 Sovereign Remedy in the World against all  
 such Malignities: She cures many after  
 Fluxing, and in Compassion to the Distress'd,  
 will deal according to the Patient's Ability  
 The Drink is 3 s. th. Quart, the Pill 1 s. the  
 Box with Directions, and Advice Gratis.  
**NOTE**, The Patient may be effectually cur'd  
 by sending his Griet in Writing.

††† She lives at the Golden-Ball in Hand-  
 Court, over against great Turnstile in Hol-  
 born.

**THE** Famous **LOZENGES**, being effe-  
 ctual in all Scorbutick Cases; they ease  
 Pains in the Head and Stomach, cause a good  
 Appetite, purifie the Blood, and give speedy  
 Relief in Rheumatisms, Dropsie, and Gout,  
 and totally destroy the very Seed of Worms.

They cure Agues and Fevers of all Sorts,  
 give present Ease in the Cholick, Stomach  
 and Gravel, cleanse the Body after hard Drink-  
 ing; as also after the Small-Pox, Measles,  
 and Child bearing, and are a more genera  
 Cathartic Medicine than any yet known.

Prepar'd only by A. Owen, Apothecary, at  
 the Pillie and Mortar, in East Smithfield.



**B**ARTLET'S Inventions for the  
 Cure of Ruptures, which have gain'd  
 so universal Esteem, are now, yet farther  
 improv'd to so great a Nicety, that one  
 of his Steel Spring Trusses of the largest  
 Size, seldom exceeds 4 ounces in Weight,  
 and one of the smallest rarely exceeds a  
 quarter of an Ounce, and are so well a-  
 dapted to the shape of human Bodies,  
 that they are extraordinary easy even to  
 Infants of a Day Old, and entirely keep  
 up the Ruptures of what Bigness soever.  
 Also divers Instruments to help the Weak  
 and Crooked. By P. Bartlet at the Golden  
 Ball by the Ship Tavern in Prescot Street  
 in Goodmans Fields, London.

**NOTE**, He forges and finishes his  
 Trusses himself, by which means he daily  
 improves his Inventions.

¶ I Thomas Prichard, at the Saracens-Head in  
 Little Carter Lane, near St. Paul's, Lon-  
 don, having a Son who had a very bad Rup-  
 ture, and applying to Mr. Bartlett, at the Golden  
 Ball in Prescot-street in Goodmans-Fields, London,  
 He perform'd the Cure in four Days to my  
 great Surprise, and my Son has remain'd well  
 ever since.

This is to give Notice, that I Richard Baker,  
 of Lawrence-Poltneys Lane, Cannonstreet, London,  
 having had a Rupture for about fifty Years;  
 at last I apply'd my self to the late Mr. Chri-  
 stopher Bartlett, at the Golden Ball by the Tavern  
 in Prescot-street in Goodmans-Fields; who, by  
 his ingenious Invention of Spring-Trusses  
 and Rupture-Spines, with the Blessing of  
 GOD, made a perfect Cure in about eight  
 Months, and I have been perfectly well ever  
 since. which is about four or five Years.

**NOTE**, His Son P. Bartlett lives at the  
 same Place as above-mention'd, and carries  
 on the same Business, as his Father did;  
 having been by him thoroughly instructed  
 therein.